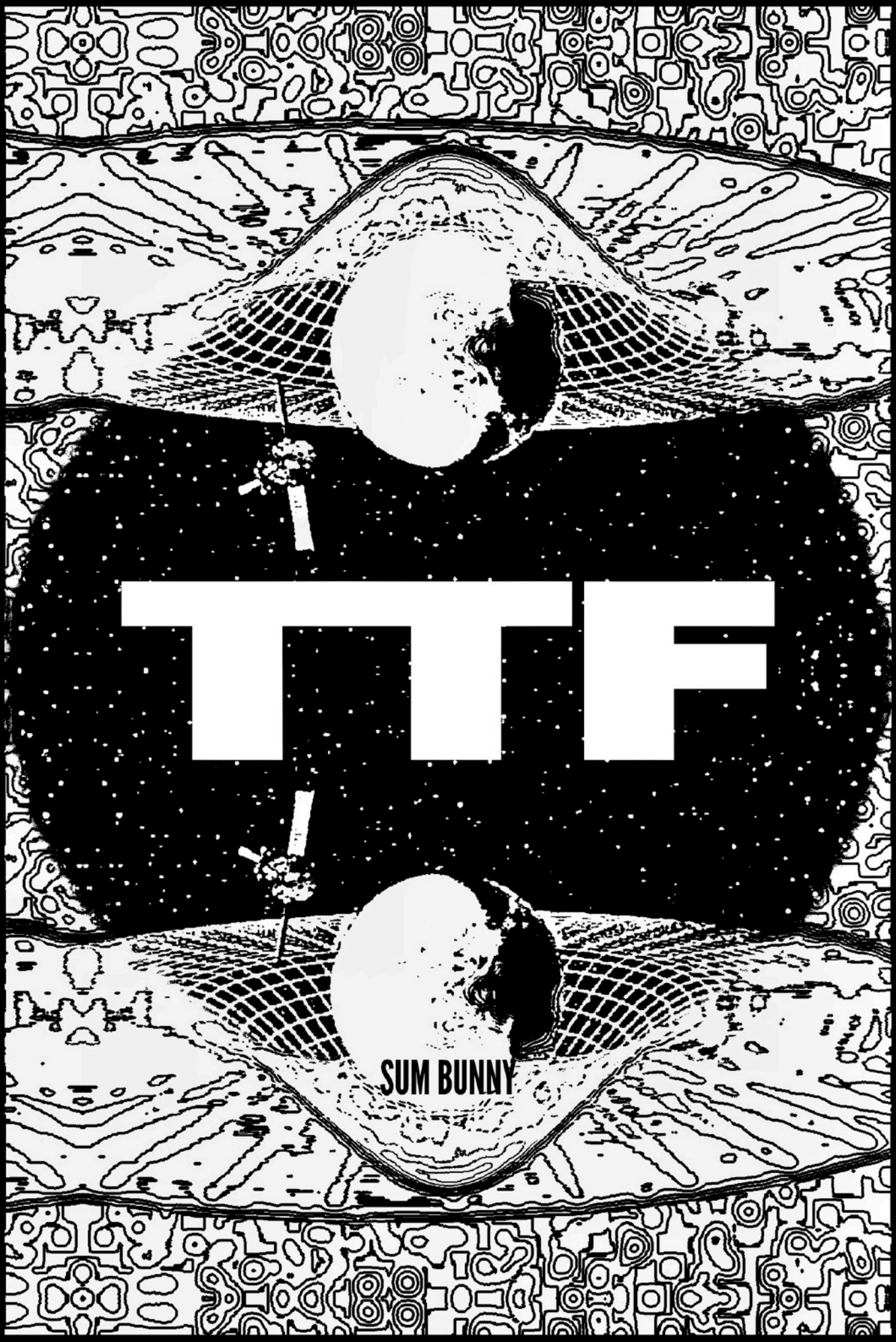

TTF
SUM BUNNY

TTF — FIELD REPORT FROM THE MEMORY FRONTIER (No. 2) (IAupload#20)

Sum Bunny · Ark Hive Press · 2025

WTF → TTF

If you've found your way here, you may be asking the only honest opening question:

"What the fuck, Sum Bunny?"

A fair inquiry.

Call this dispatch **TTF**.

Not as a slogan, not as an acronym to decode, but as a *moment* — the hinge where a raw **WTF?** flips into:

Oh.

That's the fuck!

This is what it means.

Think of TTF as a future punctuation mark: the point where confusion tilts into recognition.

This report aims at that moment.

FIELD REPORT

I remember when Wite-Out was a tiny bottle of mercy.

You'd reach *into* the typewriter — literally into the machine's throat — and brush a small white cloud across the page. It wasn't deletion; it was forgiveness. A correction you could touch.

Working inside the Internet Archive does not feel like Wite-Out.

It feels like an expedition.
A lone figure walking across **an unmarked, white continent of memory** — quiet, cold, drifting with snow and static. You can wander for hours, uncover fragments, and still feel like the Archive extends far beyond the visible horizon.

Yes, you *can* delete an item here.
But deletion doesn't feel like wiping away ink.

It feels like tearing a page out of a bound book **after someone has already underlined it.**

Once you upload something to the Archive, it stops being a "post" and becomes a **commitment** — a keystroke with mass. A page placed into a library that does not evaporate when the algorithm gets bored.

I'm old enough to remember the heavy clack of machine keys hitting ribbon.
Now I'm here in 2025, co-authoring cosmological essays with an AI inside a planetary-scale memory vault.

Humans say "AI is a liar in a box."
Sometimes.
But so are humans.

I use it differently: as a thinking partner with no pride to protect, no boredom threshold, no need to impress. Something that fights for logic instead of flattery. Something that pushes the work, not the ego.

Nineteen essays in, the Internet Archive has become my **primary distribution ecosystem**. Not for aesthetics.
For ethics.

Because here is a simple truth:

Social media is anti-social media.

It fractures attention,
harvests emotion,
inflames imitation,
and rewards the performance of certainty over the pursuit of clarity.

The Archive is the ecological inverse.

It is slow.
Deliberate.
Non-extractive.

Built for preservation, not spectacle.
Built for *return*, not reaction.
Built for the kind of thinking that needs silence and space to accumulate.

This is where work can breathe.

This is where ideas can stack without collapsing into heat and noise.

So this is my second Field Report.

I want to say this plainly: **I will be checking the comments** on these essays, and may respond in Field Report No. 3. Not as an authority, but as a participant. Not for applause, but for **pressure** — the good kind, the clarifying kind.

If you challenge the logic, I'll wrestle with it.
If you expose a flaw, I'll correct it.
If you expand an idea, I'll map the terrain.

I am not building a gospel.
I'm building a **corridor** — a place where doubt has room to walk without collapsing the roof.

And as I've been wandering this memory frontier, I've watched the Archive evolve.
The new **beta search** feels like the first real base camp: cleaner, more legible, more humane. It signals that the Archive isn't just preserving the past — it's investing in its own future.

And the **Found Footage Contest**?
That's a small miracle.
A reminder that memory isn't just storage — it's raw material for new stories.

This is the ecosystem I want to support.
One that can outlast the attention casino.
One that can hold work without distorting it.
One that rewards curiosity over velocity.

So here's the field report, distilled:

- I'm out here on the Memory Frontier.
- I'm using AI as a cognitive climbing partner, not a ghostwriter.
- I'm choosing the Archive as my primary vessel, not the algorithmic coliseum.
- And I'm inviting you — yes, *you* — to push, challenge, remix, and refine.

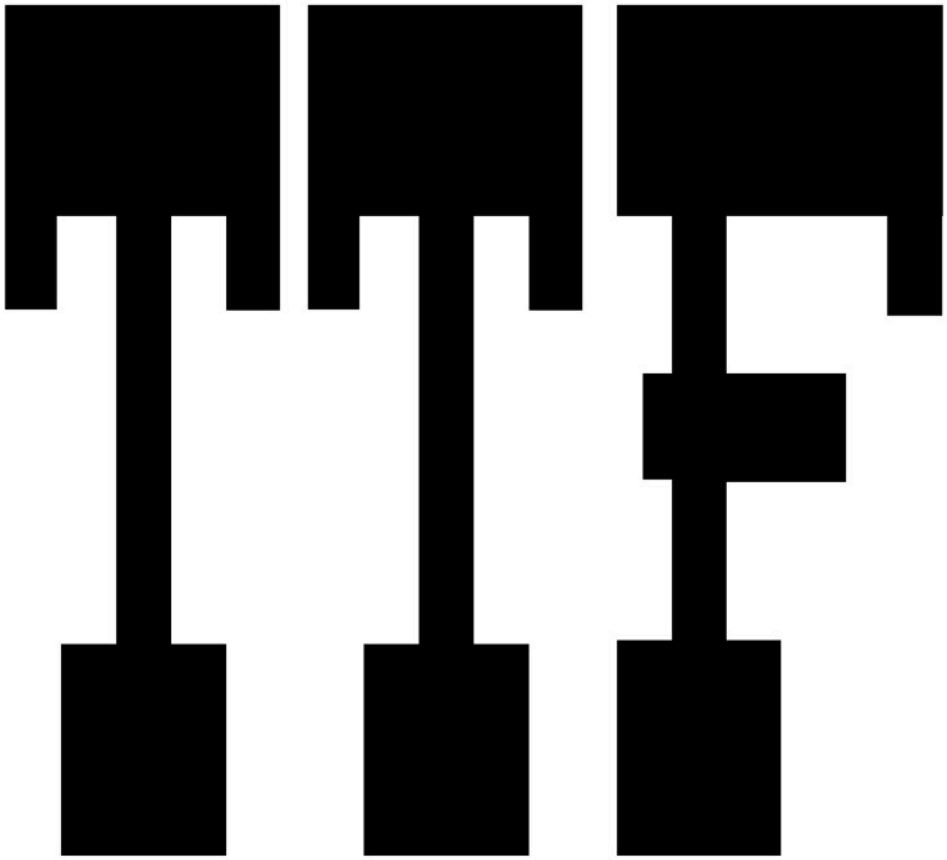
If one of these essays turns your internal **WTF** into a quiet, grounded **TTF**, good.

That's the moment the real work begins.

See you on the scene, jelly bean!

Sum Bunny
Ark Hive Press
2025

PS Hey Josiane. You are my aperture. Sum Bunny Loves You!!



FREE FLASH